

DEAF MUTE'S JOURNAL.

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Gallaudet College.

AFTERMATH OF THE GALLAUDET COLLEGE REUNION.

These classes had representatives at the reunion: 1872, '74, '76; 1880, '82, '83, '85, '88, '89; 1891, '92, '93, '95, '97, '98, '99; 1900, '01, '02, '03, '04, '05, '07, '08, '09; 1911, '12, '13, '14, '15, '16, '17, '18, '19; 1920, '21, '22, '23, '24.

The walls of the chapel show a life-sized portrait of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, also a bust of him taken in his early days, portrait of Amos Kendall, James A. Garfield, busts of the Peets, father and son, portraits of Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, Profs. Porter, Chickering, E. A. Fay, Clerc, and Rev. Syle.

As will be observed by the above, the class of '72 was the oldest present, and its representative was Mr. MacGregor, who still keeps up his wit and force of signs as he was wont in his younger days.

In the list of classes given, only regular graduates are given representation. Had the exes been counted, doubtless some of the missing years would have been in the list.

The members of the class of most of whom remained over, acted as brothers and sisters to the older ones and showed the latter to their rooms on opening day, and other courtesies to them during the meetings.

Ohio took the palm in the matter of attendance at the reunion. We counted sixteen present, and all had graduated but three.

The exes, oh well, they were just fine at all times and commanded by every one.

Misses Zell, Lamson, Durrant, Blankenship, of Nebraska, and a few others, stayed over in Washington several days, sight-seeing, and then went to Atlantic City for dips into the ocean. They must have been charmed by the place, for word has come here that they would prolong their stay another week before coming back home.

All in all, it was a fine meeting, and many were the regrets when parting time came to the scenes of frolics of the College days of dear Gallaudet, and to those in whose destiny it is enthroned.

WHAT SOCIETY DEMANDS OF THE GRADUATE.

Delivered at the Gallaudet College Alumni Reunion, held at Kendall Green, Washington, D. C., June, 1924.

Now that I have you here helpless, I am going to take an ignoble revenge upon you—by preaching at you. This is the especial species of torture that a preacher inflicts upon every audience, whether beneath the roof-tree of his own totem house, or wherever else an audience can be taken off its guard, and compelled to listen. In the days when I wore my collar right-about-face, I myself suffered from this privilege of Clergy. But it is now your turn, and I am resolutely determined to have my pound of flesh, come what may. However, I implore your forbearance, for I fancy the agony will not be long.

It has been ordained and commanded by your Program Committee, that I shall speak this afternoon upon "What Society Demands of the Graduate." But I fear would file a brief of dissent, and fall back upon my feminine prerogatives. If it be true, as Dr. Johnson has somewhere remarked, that "there are three sexes, males, females, and Parsons, it must follow that Parsons are more feminine than females, and are consequently, to be excused for their little inconsistencies. I shall therefore fall back, as I have said, upon my feminine prerogatives, and change my mind and the subject.

I am moved to speak, not upon "What Society Demands of the Graduate," but upon "What the Graduate Should Demand of Himself." This, I believe, will cover the ground more thoroughly. For when the business of living is considered in its entirety, it becomes crystal clear that what a man demands of himself is deeper, finer, and ultimately of greater importance to his own happiness, and that of his fellow-men, than anything anyone else can demand of him. It is such self-appointed aims that have been the beacons of them who have "fought and toiled and ruled and loved and made this world."

A College education should give a man something concrete—a feeling of responsibility, a spiritual watchword. When the Spartan mother of old armed her son and sent him forth to battle, she gave him with his shield, a shibboleth. It was "With it or upon it." Today, when the College Mother sends her son forth to the battle of life, she girds him with the splendid armor of learning that has been forged piece by piece out of the lore of the ages, and her watchword to him is still the same, "With it or upon it." But she lays upon him no "thou Shalt's" or "thou Shalt not." Her sole wish is what every true man will testify in his own world, that he

shall at all times, and in all places, "play the man."

I believe the initial demand that the Graduate should make upon himself is true humility, coupled with a lively desire to learn. By this I mean that his education should not inspire him with intellectual arrogance, or the feeling that he is the only one "in the know." On the contrary, he should conscientiously exhibit a spirit of broad and sympathetic tolerance for the thoughts and feelings of others, and learn from the simple how to be wise. For it is written that a man "who setteth upon a high seat, doth sometimes have a fall, and falleth fair."

The next essential should be a love of hard work. No man who feels the living streams of true learning coursing through his being can be a mere idler, or jackal, about another man's kill. For if Education teaches the Graduate nothing else, it teaches him the *Gospel of hard work*, as many of you here, who have sweated beneath the resplendence of the midnight lamp will agree. The Graduate who imagines that the world, ipso facto, "owes him a living," or that he has acquired the prerogatives of divinity by spending four easy "golden years and gay," at some college, is not an educated man; he is not even a man, but a craven, not worthy to bear the sword. It is true that the word "Scholar," in Greek, means a man of "leisure," but no man ever became a scholar by loafing, or sleeping at the switch.

It would seem that the most ordinary demand that the Graduate makes upon himself is that he shall have economic independence—money with which to gratify his appetites, and to fulfill his primeval longings for power and self. Surely, for the achievement of this aim, than the College Graduate, no one has so good a running start in the race of life. No man is better prepared for the battle, or better endowed with that subtle sense of making two blades of grass grow in the place of one, or five dollars blossom where only one bloomed before. Whether he keeps the faith or not, the College man is the heir of all the ages, having within himself the divine fire that was stolen from heaven in that dim past when theught began, and which has been passed down to us with ever growing radiance from thinking man to thinking man, as our race has toiled onward on its upward way. He possesses a scientific and technical preparation beyond the reach of the non-College man. He is the master of time and space. He can summon the winged lightnings from heaven, to carry his thoughts to the utmost bounds of the civilized world, and pitch its pent-up force to the wheels whose turning shall make him rich. He can harness the whirlwind and the torrent, and draw from the mountains the water that shall make the desert blossom as the rose.

But all this is not enough. A mere material independence that simply satisfies man's animal cravings is never enough, and is not more praiseworthy than a full belly would have been in our reverend ancestor, the neanderthal ape. It is wrong, will always be wrong, for the economic life of this country to draw into its highly competitive circle the cream of our young manhood. It now draws far more than its share. Our intellectual, political, social and religious needs have not had their full measure of devotion. The balance is not true. There is a totally perverted sense of values, and a wholly pernicious perspective. Material prosperity should produce the essentials of comfortable living, and release the individual, so that the needs of our spiritual and intellectual development may be realized. But we have made the means the end.

The crux of the business is that there is too much specialization and too little of the "humanities" in other words, too little of real education in these later days. This has led to the unflattering spectacle of the college graduate who is a fool—who has learned so much of one specialty that he had not had time to learn anything else. Too many of our best men, the very flower of our manhood, the thews and sinews of our race, are drawn, for monetary gain, into things that are purely mundane. The unusual economic opportunities of this time, have lured many in whom the mystic promise of "great things" was most pregnant, to stretch and strain themselves so far in some particular direction that they are all out of joint. Such a man is so one-sided in his development that he possesses no colorful habitation of the soul, in which he may rejoice and grow great. He has become a cripple, a deformed and loathsome thing, a caricature of what he might have been.

All this is wrong, for a man's inner life is more important to his happiness and his ultimate value to his tribe than his outer life. And if a man have not a broad and well rounded intellectual development—by which I mean a personal religion, with which have motivated his tribe in its long and sorrowful march toward the light, and a sympathy for the inspirations of the race of man that have been woven into the warp and woof of his painting, his sculpture, his architecture, his poetry and his song—I say, if a man have not these, he is an empty shell of a man, and his economic victories are dust and ashes in his mouth.

What the graduate needs most—and I speak especially to the recent graduates here—is "to take a tumble to himself," and come to the realization, shocking though it may seem, that the function of a college is not to teach a man how to make money, but to teach him how to save his soul alive—"to live justly, to do mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." The need is for more of that fine spirit exemplified by the old Oxford Professor, who at a College banquet, got up and said, "I drink to pure mathematics; may it never be worth a darn to anybody." Learning for learning's own sake should be the order of the day.

More than economic independence should the Graduate demand intellectual independence. I most devoutly believe that every man should be his own pole-

star, giving no thought to the other stars in their courses, but driving resolutely, relentlessly, fearlessly forward, upon his own appointed way. In other words, the Graduate should own himself, no matter what the cost. This is what I mean by intellectual independence.

You must not fancy that this intellectual independence is a matter of easy acquisition, or that it can be purchased for a song. On the contrary, its ransom price is a man's heart blood, and this he must pay if he would own himself, as those of you here who have borne the brunt of the battle, and have oftentimes stood with empty pockets before a flap-jack empiric and wondered where their next meal was coming from, will tell you. Let us trace it back to its first dim beginning in our aforementioned reverend ancestor, who hopped about upon the tree-tops and we saw that even in this early day, the price of independence was dear.

No man can say how long it took for the progenitors of our tribe to cease to be animals and become men. We only know that the progress from night to morning, from beast to man, was not accomplished all at once, but by age upon age of toil and sorrowful evolution. Long and hard was the glory of the coming. We know, however, that somewhere during this long drawn-out effort, man first began to think, and from thinking, began to be a man.

As yet, however, he was not his own man, for as the price of survival from the attacks of murderous nature, and the blood-lust of other men, he had to sink his individuality into the muck of his tribal allegiance—must either do this or perish. And so he had, perforce, in bitterness of soul, and with aspirations unsatisfied, to bow down to the tribal gods, to think as the tribe thought—to feel as the tribe felt, and to lie as the tribe lied.

Finally, came a day when he was completely "fed-up" with his tribe—so completely "fed-up" that he wanted to get away from the sight and the sound and the smell of it, wanted to think his own thoughts and to lie his own lies, and to be his own man. Clear as a ray of sunlight, there came to him, as he thought, from his particular totem and god, the desire to depend no more upon his tribe, but to own himself, even as his brute ancestors had owned themselves.

But now this prehistoric seeker after independence discovered, as all who have followed his thorny path, since, have discovered, that owning one's self is not to be achieved by mere wishing, but must be bought for a price, and that price was sweat and blood, and loneliness and hunger. But he felt that even though he must often times lie alone in the dark with an empty belly, that the price was worth the effort. And as he paid the price, and became master of himself.

Across the welter of time, from that half human ancestor, brother to the ape, who first sought to own himself, there comes straight and true as a sun-track to the mind of this day the desire for independence of mind and soul. The price is still sweat and blood, and loneliness and hunger for the man who is brave enough to be true to the spirit that is within him, and follow paths that are not his tribe's paths, is and has always been, a parish and an outlaw. He is pointed at as a horrible example, and would be stoned, if stoning were still fashionable. But as long as there are true men in this world, the price will be paid gladly—it will be paid hefted up and running over, if necessary, by the few who believe that the privilege is worth the price.

There are some few here this afternoon who will say that the price of independence is too dear—that it were better to have a master, and bow down to him, for one's stomach's sake. For these I have no word, but would speak to those others here who believe that at any price a man must pay, he should own himself.

The crux of the business is that there is too much specialization and too little of the "humanities" in other words, too little of real education in these later days. This has led to the unflattering spectacle of the college graduate who is a fool—who has learned so much of one specialty that he had not had time to learn anything else. Too many of our best men, the very flower of our manhood, the thews and sinews of our race, are drawn, for monetary gain, into things that are purely mundane.

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A. B. G.

Deaf and Dumb Barbers.

Shave, haircut, massage and shampoo, The chair is included if you'll take it, too; They keep on talking 'till your poor brain is numb,

O, for a barber who is both deaf and dumb,

Why, I walked down the street the other day,

And on passing a barber shop heard some one say:

"The poor man is crazy, his mind must be crazy,

To make him act in this way!"

Then walking nearer the meaning became clearer,

For a barber stood there ignoring the crowd,

Shaving himself and talking quite loud.

Why the crowd?—This will amuse you,

He was trying to sell himself a massage and shampoo.

—Aspirant.

"My deaf pupils have become quite interested in the spiritual body and the spiritual world. They say and ask many interesting things. I told them of the recent earthquakes in Mexico and the thousands killed there; one pupil

looked up quite happily and said, "Now they are in the spiritual world!"

As previously mentioned the mar-

Canadian Clippings.

TORONTO TIDINGS

Miss Pearl Herman, after the big Convention in Belleville, went to her parental home at Stirling for a month's holidays, accompanied by Master Jamieson Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ulrich, of Detroit, motored all the way to the Convention at Belleville in their new "Star." They stopped over in Toronto for a few days as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mason, while on their way to and from the big meeting. They had Mrs. Cas Sadows, of Detroit, as one of their traveling companions.

Mr. James Ross left on July 7th for Bracebridge and other parts of Muskoka, for a three-weeks' vacation.

After his return from the Belleville Convention, Mr. P. Fraser left on July 4th for Bradford, Cookstown, Orangeville, and other parts for a lengthy holiday, and we hope the country air will build up his frail being, which was impaired by his recent long illness.

Miss Avis Kerr, of Elmstead, attended the happy reunion at Belleville, spent a week afterwards in Stratford, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Doyle.

At time of writing, we learn that our good old friend, Mr. R. Mathison, has gained much towards recovery, and we hope the good fortunes of health and strength will continue to fall to his lot.

Miss Lucy Buchan went for a week's visit with Miss Sylvia Carswell, in Buffalo, on July 5th. She also took in the beauties of the Falls in the meantime.

Miss Maude Francis a trained nurse of New York, and sister of Mrs. Thomas A. Middleton of Hornings Mills, came up from Gotham on July 4th, then left for her old home in Huntsville, where she remained until July 9th when she, her mother and her sister, Miss Mary Francis, left for a lengthy holiday to England, and the continent. Mrs. Middleton and her daughter, Miss Helen, who were guests at "Mora Glen," were at the Union Station to bid the party "Bon Voyage" across the herring pond.

Miss Margaret Golds, of Kitchener, who took in the Belleville Jubilee, was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Doyle for a week or so, on her way home. She took a trip by boat across the lake to see the Falls on July 5th.

After the Belleville Convention Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Grooms and two daughters left for a three weeks' vacation at their respective parental homes in Napavine and Sollina also other parts down east.

When I say that the Graduate should demand independence, I have said all. For the more the matter is considered, the plainer it becomes, that for a man to own himself is the alpha and the omega of living. It is the sublimest of human achievements, and beside it the spoils of other victories grow dim, and not worth the counting. For the call that comes to every man to leave his tribal allegiance behind, and walk henceforth in his own way is the call of his own soul. Only by obeying the call shall a man prove his immortal race, and become worthy to sit with governors and kings.

A. B. G.

—Aspirant.

Mr. John T. Shilton left on July 31, to attend the convention of the N. F. S. D. in St. Paul, and next day Mr. and Mrs. Jaffray also left for the same city, as representatives from Toronto Division, No. 98.

We had Holy Communion at our Church on July 6th, with the Rev. Mr. Wallace officiating, assisted by Mrs. J. R. Byrne as interpreter.

He gave a good and helpful sermon. There was a good attendance. Mrs. H. Whealy and Mrs. W. R. Watt rendered a duet most beautifully.

Mr. Gerald Barnett left for his home above Winnipeg, on July 6th, after a pleasant visit here and at Belleville.

The results in our soft ball league on July 5th, were as follows: Primers 14, vs. Bigwines 2; and Beavers 11, vs. Mercurys 7.

Mr. and Mrs. James Green, of Chesley, spent several days visiting relatives here after their return from the Belleville Convention. Now they are in the spiritual world!"

As previously mentioned the mar-

riage of Miss Clarida Maria Legault, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adelard Legault, of Clarence Creek, Ont., and Mr. William Patrick Quinlan, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Quinlan, of Stratford, Ont., was quietly solemnized at St. Helen's R. C. Church in this city, on June 26th, 1924, by the Rev. Monsignor Whelan. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Irene Legault, and was attired in

OMAHA

many friends here, as she had such a sweet disposition.

Fourth of July was a very quiet day for the deaf-mutes, as they had no plans, but the excursions brought many hundred people from various points, for Ocean View and the beaches.

We have had lots of rainy days, but that don't keep the crowds away from the beaches.

Mr. Nat Swartz left here on the Fourth of July for St. Paul, Minn., to attend the Frat Convention. We hope he will have a good time, and bring new ideas for the Virginia Convention of the Deaf, which meets in Norfolk next month.

Mr. Richard Taylor is spending some time with his mother, Mrs. Ida C. Smith, and her sister, Mrs. Edna Robinson, and will go to Roanoke, Va., her new home, where her husband accepted a good position recently. They hated to leave Philadelphia, a wonderful city to live in.

Robert Kilgore, ten months old son of Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Campbell, can almost walk alone, and is such a lovable, bright boy to cheer up his deaf parents.

Mr. Matt Jenkins has been busy making preparations for the Convention, that takes place here from the 6th to 9th of August.

MRS. IDA C. SMITH.

DENVER

Under the auspices of the Women's Guild of All Souls' Mission of the Deaf, a supper was served from 6 to 8 P.M., in St. Mark's Church, on Saturday, June 28th. Every available mute turned out to partake of the relishes. Following the supper was a social affair, and a fishing game, which was ended with delicious ice-cream and cakes.

Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Long, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, were two out of town guests at the above mentioned supper. Although this is Dr. Long's first visit to the deaf of Denver, it is by no means his first trip to Colorado. As to whether or not he liked Colorado, he asked, if his decision to remain here for the summer was not proof enough that he was strong for Colorado and its healthy climate.

Dr. Long is attending the summer school at the Colorado Teachers' College (sometimes called the Columbia of the West), at Greeley, Colo. He is talking a course in book-binding. At first he intended to take two or three weeks' study in this subject, but he has found it so fascinating that he will "keep his nose to the stove" all summer. It facts he says book-binding is his hobby. What a store of knowledge he will have to take back to his boys and girls at Iowa, in the fall.

On Sunday morning, the 29th, the whole town turned out to hear (with their eyes, of course) Dr. Long's talk at St. Mark's Church's. It was a most interesting and impressive speech.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lessley, the Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Grace and James Alfred, in the latter's Oldsmobile, left Denver early in the morning of July 3d, enroute to St. Paul, where they will take in the N. F. S. D. Convention. With good gravel roads before them, till they reach Nebraska, and paved roads most of the way from there on, they ought to reach their destination in record time. The Rev. H. E. Grace will act as alternate delegate of the Denver Division.

John S. Fisher, the official delegate of the Denver Division, left Sunday morning, July 6th, for St. Paul. He went "armed" with all the information, he could master up to bring the convention to Denver in 1927. He has a hard task before him, but with the "ammunition" he has sent ahead of him, he ought to at least make those delegates from the sun-baked east sit up and take notice of what a cool and most tempting place Denver is to hold a convention during the hot month of July.

Joe Ryan, farm hand though he is, has better table manners than to use his table fork for spearing edibles beyond his reach or retrieving fragments of meat lurking between his teeth. No, he is not that bad. But out in the barnyard he is truly awkward. At the ranch of Fred Bates there are some fine cows, which he was given to milk, by the way, may be as much offended by bad milking manners as a hostess by bad table manners. Joe knows whether to use his fork in his right or left hand when eating, but when it comes to milking a cow, he does not (or did not then) know whether to start on the right or the left side. Incidentally he started on the wrong side. The cow was very much offended. Before he had even hit his stride, poor befuddled Joe was lying flat on his back with his brawny hands over his stomach, the result of a terrific side kick.

Harry Stark, of Pierce, Neb., has gone to California in his Ford, on a visit. He stopped in Denver, Colorado Springs, and other points of interest en route.

The Ladies' Guild of All Souls' Mission, gave a church supper in Cafeteria style on June 25th. The size of the crowd was hardly in proportion to the quality of the meal. Rev. J. H. Cloud gave an interesting sermon at the church that evening.

HAL.

Norfolk, Va.

Mrs. Mary Lamb Donnell, a deaf-mute widow of John Donnell, died suddenly at Ballantine Home, on July 3d, and was buried on 5th, at Elmwood Cemetery. She was 74 years old and educated at North Carolina and Virginia Schools for the Deaf. She made her home at Ballantine Home after coming from Washington, D. C., where she lived about fifteen years, while her husband was connected with the Pension Department. She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Edith L. Wright, and a grand daughter, Miss Catherine Wright. Her daughter, of Baltimore, came on a visit, and found her well and cheerful a few days before the end came suddenly. The will be missed by

Deaf-Mutes Pastor Marries His Assistant.

Elmore E. Bernsdorf, missionary of the deaf-mute department of First Baptist Church, Baltimore, Md., and Miss Ethel M. Bogue, his assistant for several months, were married Saturday, June 28th, at the home of the bride's mother, Hartford, Ct.

The work of the deaf-mute department has increased considerably during the past year. At intervals the members have given special entertainments.

The couple left for an extended honeymoon trip in the West and Atlantic City, and upon their return, they will make their home in Washington, D. C., where the bridegroom has been in the service of the United States Post Office Department, as auditor of the money order division, for the past twenty-two years.

They were recipients of many handsome wedding gifts, a check from the hearing congregation of the First Baptist Church, mahogany mantle clock from the deaf department, electric portable lamp from the Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, and many others.

Mr. Bernsdorf is a graduate of Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, and Gallaudet College, Mrs. Bernsdorf graduated from the Hartford School for the Deaf.

LOS ANGELES.

Mr. M. Clark, a former Gallaudet College student, who has been enjoying the "Garden Eden" of the Southland for the past year, left some time ago for Minnesota, following the receipt of his mother's letter.

In response to word received from his folks in Philadelphia, Mr. H. Zarvesky packed his grip and bid goodbye to Los Angeles, and left a week ago for the East.

June 28, 1924.

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8502 B.C. to 1924 A.D.

will be exhibited with appropriate remarks

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Refreshments will be served.

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"U NO ME."

Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,

Fort Smith, Ark.

THE COLORADO STATE ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

The Executive Committee of the Colorado State Association of the Deaf unanimously decided upon August 8th, 9th and 10th next, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, as the date of its fourth convention. It will be held in Denver.

There will be no morning sessions Friday and Saturday, and Sunday will be given over to religious services, conducted by Rev. Homer E. Grace, of Denver. The afternoon sessions of Friday and Saturday will begin at 2:30, and continue until adjournment. The place of meeting will be announced later.

The evening of these two days will be at the disposal of the Local Committee, consisting of Mr. Frank A. Lessley (Chairman), Mrs. Edna Dumm Northern, Mr. F. L. DuBois Reid, Mr. E. W. Smith and Mr. Stephen Janovick. There will probably be a reception tendered by the Ladies of the Liberty Club, Friday evening, while Saturday evening it is planned to have a ride to Lookout Mountain, deaf auto owners of Denver and friends placing their cars at the service of the convention.

The session of Friday afternoon will be devoted to exercises commemorative of the half-hundredth anniversary of deaf-mute education in Colorado. A cordial invitation is extended to hearing friends to attend. Mr. Alfred Leslie Brown, Vice-Principal of the Colorado School for the Deaf, has kindly consented to serve as interpreter at these exercises.

The afternoon of Saturday will be occupied by convention business proper.

The tentative program for the two days follows. There may be minor changes, but the outline here given will be adhered to as closely as possible.

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THE BIGGEST AND BEST EVER

SECOND ANNUAL PICNIC and GAMES

Bronx Division, No. 92,

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

STARLIGHT AMUSEMENT PARK

At East 177th Street Subway Station

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, July 26, at 1 P.M.

Delegates on their way East are cordially invited

"EVERYTHING IN AMUSEMENTS"

Admission — (Including War Tax) — 55 Cents

HOW TO REACH THE PARK.

Subway—Lexington Avenue and 7th Avenue (Bronx Park trains) to East 177th Street. Elevated—Second and Third Avenue to East 177th Street (Tremont Avenue). Surface Cars—Crosstown bet. Broadway and Unionport.

Volta Bureau
1601—35 St NW

Annual

OUTING and PICNIC

under the auspices of

Lutheran Guild for the Deaf

will be held at

FRANZ & SHUBERT PARK

(Opposite Forest Park, on Myrtle Avenue)

Glendale, L. I.

Saturday, afternoon,

August 23, 1924.

Doors open at 2 P.M.

Prize Bowling and Games.

NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the **DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL**, Staten Island, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or post card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

SAMUELS-GROSSMAN.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuels and Mr. Louis Grossman presented into wedlock, on Saturday evening, July 5th, at the Lorraine, 790 Broadway, Brooklyn, their children, Miss Jennie Samuels and Mr. Abe Grossman.

The bride, dressed in charming white satin, sat on a small platform, where she was greeted by the incoming relatives and friends of the couple. Then around twelve o'clock everything was in order and the "hike" to the altar began, with the bridesmaids and ushers, of which several were from our own little world, at the start, and then shortly after the groom, and then slowly behind two flower girls came the "blushing bride." Beautiful music was played with hymns by the Rabbi and his choir of several voices, also lantern slices of flowers and colored rays in the semi-darkness.

Around one o'clock found about two hundred guests seated in the dining-room adjoining the hall, where a very appetizing menu was disposed of with satisfaction.

After the wedding the couple left on a two weeks' honeymoon.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. P. Simon, the Misses Rose Cadlowitz, Sylvia Lebowitz, Celia Stark, Doris Rosebaum and Rose Weiner, and the Misses Irving Marks, Sam Heller, David Swikes, David Polinsky, Meyer Seffer, Morris Kramer, and J. M. Ebin.

Mrs. Grossman was educated at the 23d Street School, and is a member of the Hebrew Association of the Deaf, while her "mate" hails from Fanwood. Mr. Grossman is a member of the Alphabet Athletic Club and the H-brew Association of the Deaf, is one of the Alphabets dependable track and field men, having already almost a ton of medals testifying to his prowess.

The couple were presented with a cash offering by the Alphabet A. C., which is always presented to marrying members.

The following is taken from the **Home News**:

Jacques Alexander, 500 W. 17th Street, president of the American Society of Deaf Artists, was admitted the other day by the French Government to the Legion of Honor, Officer d'Academy, in recognition of his valuable services to Frenchmen in the United States.

One of the first to offer his congratulations to the gifted Héritier was Acting French Consul, General A. Brouzet.

This is not the first time that honors have been conferred on Alexander. In 1921 when the Society of Independent Artists held their fifth annual exhibit, it was the painting of "The Homeless Musician" by Alexander that created a furor among his confreres and the patrons of art.

Many fine examples of his skill with the palette and brush adorn the walls of Alexander's home. Of particular interest is a copy in miniature from the original "Friesland" by Meissner, which hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and is valued at \$65,000. Alexander's copy, beautifully done in oil, is his prized possession.

LOST A PAIR OF REMBRANDTS

While traveling around the world many years ago, Alexander added to his collection two fine old master-pieces by Rembrandt, one of the "Lady with the Muff" believed to be Lady Gainsborough, his most famous subject, and the other of the artist himself. They were lost in Philadelphia, where it is said Alexander was trailed for several thousand miles by international crooks, who stole the famous paintings. They have never been recovered.

MOLLIE L. HAIGHT,
MABELLE F. ROSE,
THOMAS FRANCIS FOX.
Committee.

Recently Mr. Raymond McCarthy, a 1924 graduate of this school, was a caller at our JOURNAL office. He said that the best regards were offered to the summer composers by Messrs. Joseph Mazzola, a graduate of this year, and Charles Klein, who had just passed this institution.

Cadets James Garrick, R. Behrens and W. Schurman, composers on the JOURNAL, commence training at Macomber Park (in front of Yankee Stadium), for the Bronx picnic, under the auspices of the Bronx Division, Saturday, July 26th.

Friday evening, July 11th, Messrs. E. Edwards, Carl Frisch, Speulman and Rudolph Behrens, were up at New York Velodrome bicycle race. It was very exciting and interesting.

Miss Edith Lewis, formerly of Long Island, N. Y., is now employed in the underwear factory in Port Jervis, N. Y. She is still at Miss Bessie Phillip's home. She likes the factory, which is a nice place.

OHIO.

News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. S. Greener, 998 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.

Mrs. Max Miller left for Boston, Mass., on Tuesday, July 16th, to spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Levy. Her youngest son is now in Newport, R. I., having enlisted in the U. S. Guards.

City Island still attracts some of the deaf these hot days. Jack Seltzer has been there on numerous occasions, and on some of his trips did not lack for company.

Charles D. Knoblock, a Fanwood cadet, is the companion of Edwin S. Mosbacher, of Woodmere, L. I., until after Labor Day, and Edwin likes him very much.

Abraham Barr, who went to Harrisburg, Pa., two weeks ago, to work on a linotype, returned to the city after only one week's stay.

Mrs. Lena Galland and Mr. Nathan Wolk, of Brooklyn, N. Y., were married last May. Mr. Wolk has a son 17 years old.

Next week Mrs. Samuel Lowenthal leaves for Liberty, N. Y., to spend the rest of the summer.

FANWOOD.

The Fanwood Alumni Association held its first outing at Indian Point on the Hudson, on Saturday, July 12th, by the Day Line Steamer.

The committee who arranged for the outing were Miss Alice E. Judge, Mrs. Charles Thompson, Miss Agnes Craig, Miss Wanda Makowska and Mrs. William H. Rose.

About thirty attended, and had a real old-fashioned picnic, for most brought their lunch, and it looked like the olden days under the shade trees.

Indian Point consists of about seven acres, well kept, having concrete dancing pavilion, cafeteria, restaurant, besides various amusements for the young and old kiddies. Also one can go bathing.

The return trip was made at 6:10 P.M. and West 129th St. Pier reached about 8 o'clock.

All those who were there voted it was a fine outing, and many hope the place will be selected again next year.

MINUTE OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the Fanwood Alumni Association, held at the New York Institution on the evening of June 28th, the following Minute of Respect was unanimously adopted, and ordered to be presented for publication in the **DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL**:

In the passing to the higher life of our friends and former associates, Ida Montgomery, Class of '63, and Sadie Howard, Class of '70, the Fanwood Alumni Association records its deep sorrow in the loss of two prominent and cherished members of the Association.

Miss Montgomery made a distinguished record as a pupil of the New York Institution, and upon her graduation from the High Class was appointed a teacher, a position which she honored for over forty years, and in which she displayed unusual ability, marked by concentration of purpose, which won for her a permanent reputation for merited success as an instructor.

As a teacher, Miss Montgomery applied her talents not to abstract principles or remote ideals, but sought rather the inculcation of habits of thought and knowledge tending to the immediate improvement of her pupils. She exerted over them a warmly influence productive of permanent benefit, which added to their mental and moral strength and beauty of character, and which continues in their lives as a memorial of her loving, faithful instruction.

As a gifted woman, an alumna of Fanwood, an accomplished teacher, and a staunch friend of the deaf, we cherish her work and her memory; the enviable results she obtained in her career, which she graced by her long devoted service, are a permanent memorial of her useful life.

Miss Howard graduated from the High Class at Fanwood, after a brilliant career as a pupil, and was later, for some time, a teacher in the New Jersey School for the Deaf, under the Superintendence of Professor Jenkins. Her latter years were spent in New York City and vicinity, where she manifested a zealous interest in affairs connected with the deaf and their welfare.

She was a woman of superior intelligence, a brilliant conversationalist, enthusiastic in her active sympathy in charitable and philanthropic work.

The lives and characters of both of our former associates, as shown in their mental attainments and services for others, is a standing testimony of useful efforts in behalf of others, for whom they manifested a sincere and consistent desire to serve and benefit.

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MABELLE F. ROSE,
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NEW YORK, JULY 24, 1924.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publications, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Station M, New York City.

Baltimore Subscribers—Attention.

THE person who sent two dollars in bills for the JOURNAL, subscription failed to sign his or her name. The letter is postmarked "Baltimore, July 19th, 12.30 P.M." Will the sender please give name and address so that we can credit the amount on our books.

CHICAGO.

We climbed aboard "Gib's Special" train And whizzed to old St. Paul. Now every bird who boasts a brain, And dares to tell the truth, is fair To sweep this town of ours, 'tis plain, Is good enough for all.

For once the Sac managed to put on a *real* vaudeville bill under amateur management, July 4th and 5th; previous successes were directed by professionals. The "Sac Follies" of the Fourth drew a packed house.

PROGRAM.

Proclamation—President A. L. Roberts, "Star Spangled Banner" Mrs. Washington Brothers and Ensemble.

Argentine Dance—Miss Gwendolyn Caswell, Miss Gussie Liberman and Joe Wondra.

"Howdy!"—John D. Sullivan.

SCA Follies—Misses Gwendolyn Caswell, Virginia Dries, Christiana Hartell, Flora Herzberg, Mary Stein, and Gussie Liberman.

"A Shoe Romance"—Joseph Wondra and Company.

Music—C. Leslie Hunt.

Apache Dance—Joe Wondra and Troupe.

Something New—Wait for it.

The Eastern delegation arriving Saturday morning, July 5th, under Alexander L. Pach, of New York, were met by Sully's committee and given free bus rides around town, then transportation to the division picnic way out in the suburbs.

Chicago picnics are all alike, so let's be charitable and forebear to slam the tiresome affair.

That evening the program of the previous night was repeated, except for numbers six and eight. Number eight, by C. L. Hunt, here for a few weeks from California, did not out-do Chicago's favorite deaf legerdemain—Neil Olson—despite the fact Hunt is reported to play the small-time vaudeville circuits sometimes.

Number 2 was the most original presentation of our National anthem ever given in deaf ranks,

starting by a lighted battleship plowing the darkened stage, shooting the turret guns (revolvers) in realistic manner, whereon lights were turned on and Columbia and her convoy of four shapely girls, arrayed in national colors, marched in to the beat of drum, and began.

"Sully," founder and father of the Sac, told the gospel truth in his address when he advised other cities not to try to establish a Sac on a large scale, unless they already had twice the amount of money specifications called for. Were it not for the untiring zeal of Sully, and Gib, and a handful of other zealots—and rare good luck in keeping out of law-suits—the Sac would have gone "busted" long ago; instead of standing today a twin-achievement to the glorious N. F. S. D.

The "Sac Follies" number was the work of months, directed by Miss Caswell and Joe Wondra.

Miss Dries, one of the young beauties, wound up her number with a "split"—something that only trained professional dancers are supposed to be able to perform—suddenly sitting down on the stage with the legs spread outward in a straight line, like the letter "T" upside-down. The other young ladies also did excellent work.

The delegates asked to make addressed were: Pach, R. Norris, of Indianapolis; the Grand Board, J. F. Brady, of Philadelphia; S. Frankenheim (the New York bond-broker with Lee, Higginson & Co.); J. B. Chandler, of Knoxville.

No. 10 revealed two shapely girls holding aloft a large United States flag, where the spot-light fell on its silken folds, while Gus Boltz, the quaint Kentuckian, sang a song of love for the flag and all it symbolizes.

"The world do move." At last, after these years, the Sac stage displayed new scenery, real scenery, in place of those battered "ruins of Pompeii" pillars in the wings, and that back-drop of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

I am not Sac man, but as a citizen I was proud and pleased with the display Chicago put on that night. The visitors were also visibly impressed. Several much-travelled Easterners assured me that, all in all, Chicago smears it all over the Eastern cities so far as social enjoyment and advantages go.

A glance at the visitors register of the Sac that night revealed deaf dignitaries from places as far remote as Maine, North Carolina, New Orleans, and California.

Dave Lewis, Milwaukee, lost or mislaid his straw hat in the spacious club premises.

Winfield Roller, the gifted Good-year athlete, who dived and brought up the bodies of the drowned during the Nad convention in Atlanta, a year ago, came from Akron in his Willys-Knight roadster. Reaching Chicago the afternoon of July 3d, he collided with a trolley car. His auto was removed to the garage

badly damaged. As the garage was closed the next three days—holidays—Roller had to abandon plans for touring to St. Paul, and take the train.

Among the throng of autoists here around the Fourth were Walter Stoltz and wife, Indianapolis, and the Housers of Terre Haute.

Miss Estella Huff, Springfield, Ill., and Miss Swisher, Cincinnati, were here a few days—guests of Mrs. J. A. Meehan.

Several Akronites came down, among them L. Poshusta, Miss Iva Kettner, Miss Clara Hackman, and Miss Edna Beissel.

The F. C. Gottwerths, of Gross Isle, Mich.; Troy Hill and Lee Talbott and wife, Dallas; the Fords, of Waco; H. Hooper, of Fort Worth; Miss Beulah Christal, Denton, Texas; H. Franck, Berkeley; the Herman Eikens, Stonewall, Miss.; the Ivan Heymans, Detroit; A. Hitchcock, of Brooklyn; the Perrys and W. Geilfus, Milwaukee; were just a few of the many visitors seen around the Sac at that time.

"Gib's Special" pulled out of the station on time next morning, and arrived without untoward incident. For the first time in history, probably, an entire special train was given over to the deaf, 213 of them, consisting of one baggage, four superb coaches, two diners, and an observation car. Misses Dries, Herzberg, Stein, Lieberman, Williams, Gordon, the two Yanzites sisters, Kearney, Curtis, Kaiser, Flynn, Donohue, Mesdames McGann, Wondra and Alma Meyers, Messrs. Purdum, Vaughn, Leiter, Codman and Powers, Messrs. and Mesdames Gibson, Flick, O'Neil, Dahl, Roberts, Sullivan, Meagher and Ford. Thirty-seven Chicagoans counted, and I probably overlooked several others. Fine crowd at St. Paul—and Chicagoans turn-out as fine as the finest.

Those Chicago girls were the life of the convention, outside of sessions. "Without the Chicago crowd, this would be one darned dead shebang," stated Stephen Brownrigg, of Saginaw.

Soon after reaching St. Paul, Miss Williams, who has attended most every convention for some years past, was afflicted with swollen throat glands, the aftermath of an auto ride in chilly weather.

Mrs. Winston, of St. Paul, spent an entire morning packing ice on her throat; but Miss Williams' physician advised her to go home and rest. So she left Wednesday.

Vaughn was also reported ill in the Saint Paul.

J. F. Brady was guest of the Sullivans and Leiters in "The Castle." Roberts and Sully each gave a dinner party to him, while Mrs. Leiter—a former Philly belle—invited old Philadelphia friends to a party in his honor.

James Howson and L. C. Williams spent several days with the Rev. G. F. Flick.

Other delegates too numerous to mention spent various periods in various places.

The Rev. Franklin Smielau, Reading, Pa., gave a splendid lecture at All Angels' on July 2d. Smielau is a past-grand-master of signology.

Ladislaw Cherry went back to work on the frat headquarters force July 3d, after two months on the shelf—appendicitis.

The new oral club—Wishbone A. C.—lost two "kittenball" games to the Sac on the Fourth, 3-1, 9-4. Sulski and Hagemeyer pitched for the Sac, the former striking out eighteen men. "Kittenball" is indoor baseball, played outdoors.

Glenn Smith, who was alternate to the Atlanta convention, but who remained home this year, was suddenly summoned to the bedside of his dying mother July 12th, in Cleveland. Whether he reached her before she died is unknown; the funeral was held Tuesday.

The Peter Scotts, Detroit, are here to stay.

Miss Gladys Watts left late in June, to summer in Los Angeles with her sister Charlotte—Mrs. A. V. Ronstadt.

Bennie Jacobson, father and happier than ever, is back after four months in California, whither he went with his ailing mother.

George S. Young, Winnipeg, has a job here with the Beck Engraving Company.

Mrs. Ed. Hetzel, of Toledo (Marie Tanzar), is here for a long visit with her folks.

Ward Small has as guest in his luxurious Evanston home, that fun-maker extraordinary, Jacob Cohen—who left Chicago three years ago for Des Moines.

It is said that an attendance of 350 silents attended the State convention in Rock Island, July 1st to 5th. Many of them joined "Gib's Special," at Savanna, July 6th.

In a group picture at three leading local hearing dignitaries, printed in the first edition of the Chicago Herald-Examiner, July 17th, was the brother of John D. Sullivan.

Dates ahead: July 26th—Lecture at Pas, by Freemond Offerle, of Elgin, August 30th—Pas picnic, at Polonia. (If any readers know of other events scheduled, don't jump me—jump the secretary or social chairmen who neglected to notify this office of their desire for a wee bit free advertising. "We Strive to Please.")

J. FREDERICK MEAGHER.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. E. Green, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

July 19, 1924—In 1853 Corydon

Cook entered the school from Erie County at the age of 17, having lost his hearing from mumps. He remained five years. The report adds he married a hearing woman.

In all the years we have been associated with the deaf his name was never mentioned, nor has he attended any of the reunions of the Alumni Association.

We were told he has five or six grown-up children.

Last May in his 89th year he was entered to be cared for at the Ohio

Home for Aged and Infirm from

Montpelier, Williams County, Ohio.

He is quite active for his age. One of his desires is to see the institution.

His last visit there he said

was in 1880. He surely will not

know it for new buildings have

taken the places of the old ones

except one of the boys' dormitory,

Mr. MacGregor has promised to

bring him down some day and take

him through the place.

Mr. Nathan R. McGraw informs

that he well remembers Mr. Cook,

for the two were bedmates for ten

months in the old school building.

They must have put two in a bed

in those times.

The Nathan R. McGraw was a

victim of the recent tornado in

Iowa, doing damage to his property.

A catalpa tree set out fifty-three

years ago on his farm, was twisted

and blown down, a branch of a

maple tree was blown down on his

double corn crib, and broke off the

cornices at one corner, a chimney of

the house was blown down. Much

damage was done to a grove of

maple trees, about 200, set out fifty

years ago, three of his cherry trees

were uprooted as also apple trees.

Mr. McGraw is taking life easy, having rented his farm, and doing just

enough work to keep soreness away.

This clipping was received from a Zanesville friend Monday:

Howard C. Moore, aged 27, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Moore, of Prospect Avenue, died in Bethesda Hospital at 3:30 o'clock, Thursday morning, July 10th, following a brief

illness from an abdominal trouble.

He was admitted in the hospital on

Sunday, in a serious condition, and underwent an operation on Monday, but his condition became critical

and failed to respond to treatment.

Mr. Moore was an employee of the Kearns Gossuch glass plant, and was a member of the St. James

Episcopal Church. Besides his

parents, he is survived by one brother, C. C. Moore, of Columbus, and two sisters, Mrs. Albert Atwell, of this city, and Mrs. Carl M. Graves, of Columbus.

The funeral was held Saturday

afternoon. The deaf pall bearers

were Messrs. Horn White and Twyford, the others being hearing

people, relatives, of the deceased.

Others of the Zanesville deaf including Mrs. Laverna C. Pumphrey attended the funeral and also contributed a beautiful floral offering.

The service was conducted by Rev. L. L. Fisher, an uncle of the deceased, of Sunbury, O.

Herbert G., son of Mr. and Mrs. John K. Sherman, of Fort Wayne, Ind., died at 3 o'clock on the morning of July 12th. His illness began on June 30th, pneumonia developed, which was the immediate cause of his passing away. He would have reached his thirteenth birthday next September. The remains reached Columbus, O., Saturday morning, and in the afternoon the funeral service was held at the home of his grandfather, A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Avenue.

Many and beautiful were the floral offerings from the friends of the deceased of Fort Wayne and Columbus.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Rollins entered

the new Division and their golden

smiles. The Corner Candy Stand

was crowded with the buyers, and it

was just as flashy as those of

Broadway. Behind the stand

stood John Walter selling the

sweets.

Clean, shaven, freshly-bathed

boys, lounged around and played